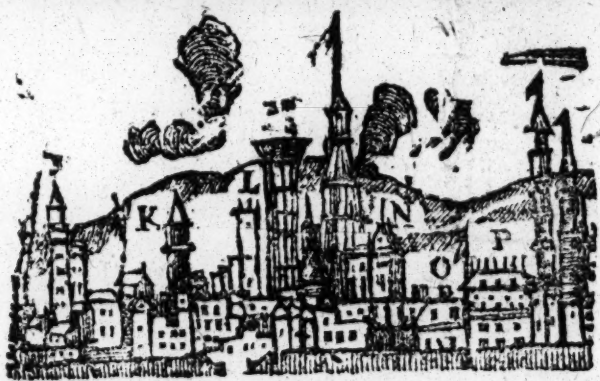


CUP 21  
J. 41/2

A Dialogue between an ancient Citizen's Horse and a Country Plow-man's as they met together in Old-street-Square.



**I**N London late happen'd a pleasant Discourse,  
Between an old English Nag and ~~the~~ Horse,  
Ne'er wonder my friends if plain English *they speak*  
For in Old *Aesop's* time Horses talk'd *heathen greek*

King Charles's black Nag being tired of the Town  
From fam'd Charing-Cross one Evening came down  
And trotting along to the Fields for fresh Air,  
He spy'd a strange Beast up in ~~the~~ *square*

Marching up he most civilly greeted the Steed,  
But soon found he was not of true English breed  
And the Rider he thought a much more awcud  
For he look'd like a Clown but was drest like a King *thing*

The Charing-Cross Nag thus began brother Pad  
'Tis enough sure to make any mortal Horse mad,  
To see such a Rider bestride a poor Horse,  
Were you hag ridden shure you had been no worse

Said the poor harmless Beast my hard lot I must  
I wish I had never seen ~~the~~ *square* (bear  
But this wretch on my back has a proverb beside  
Set a Beggar on Horse-back to the devil he'll ride

You seem to have brought him so many long mile  
But could the ~~—~~ ever think it would be worth  
To build such Place ~~the~~ *square* their while,  
And set up a Figure the Croes for to feare,

We came from a poor little Town ~~the~~ *the*  
But if you had seen us before ~~the~~ *the*  
You say times was mended with this stupied thief  
For I fed on Oats and his Worship on Beaf.

*G* ah Pox I remember that Name,  
His Grand-sir I think was the ~~—~~  
My good-natur'd Master poor Man was undone,  
By helping this beggarly horse to a home.

Says Charles's black Nag be ruled by me,  
To Tyburn you are now in the right way,  
So carry him thither and there let him swing,  
Or else pack him home ~~the~~ *the*

Put on his bob Whig piss-burnt with the weather  
And his grogerum Coat in which he come hither  
With his ~~—~~ in his hand he will look very smart  
And so drive him back in an old Turnip Cart.

From fam'd Charing Cross they would fain have me  
In room of a Hero they'd put up a Clown, ~~the~~ *down,*  
But still my old Master I hope will me stride,  
When the Devil away ~~the~~ *the*

So geeing in wrath he march't back to his ~~—~~  
But left this advice for the good of the ~~—~~  
You'll ne'er find this ~~—~~ brute worth your care  
So let him go to Grass and the man have his Mare